Volume LXXII CHICAGO, JANUARY 1, 1914 Number 18

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## READY

I came not, I was sent;
I go not, I am called;
And yet I am content
And unappalled.

What if 'mid tangled maze
My feet no pathway find,
Faith strong within me says,
He is not blind.

And while I here abide
His calling, day or night,
No ill can me betide;
He doeth right.

The wrong that I have done,
The good with oft failed hands,
Life-battles lost or won,
He understands.

He calls, He leads, He sends,
Though neither you nor I
His purpose comprehends,
He knoweth why.

So wait I unappalled,
Believing and content,
Ready whenever called,
Wherever sent.

A. F. Temple.

*Muskegon, Mich., September 17, 1913.*

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914. NUMBER 18.

## VICTOR HUGO TO THE CHILDREN

**"My dear little children: Among the toys to be given you you will find neither guns, cannons, swords, nor other murderous weapons, nor anything else which might give you the idea of war or destruction. War is an abominable thing; men of all countries are made for loving, not for killing, one another. Among the toys that I offer you the little girls will find dolls, excellent playthings which will commence to fit them for the rôle of motherhood which they will play later in their lives. For the boys there are little boats, little locomotives, and, in fact, everything which will present the idea of work and progress, and not that of destruction, to their intelligences."**

Leo Claretie has discovered at Guernesey, where Victor Hugo lived, several manuscript copies of the speeches made by the great French writer at the dinners for poor children which he used to give every fortnight about Christmas time. Above are the notes Hugo used for one of his addresses.

—*The Chicago Tribune.*

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The *Christian World,* as reported in the *Literary Digest* for December 20, rejoices in one more translation of the New Testament. Dr. James Moffat of Mansfield College, Oxford, has given what is characterized as an up-to-date version, abandoning any attempt to preserve the time hallowed flavor of the King James version, in order that the text might, with due reverence and fidelity, be rendered into the common prose of today. But even this is but one more contribution towards the new and definite "Revised English New Testament" which is hoped for, one that will represent the consensus of opinion of the best authorities.

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The last bulletin in the *Social Service Series* published by the Department of Social and Public Service of the *American Unitarian Association* for free distribution is on "The Control of Tuberculosis," by Mark W. Richardson, M. D., Secretary of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. It sets forth in untechnical language the advice which both the afflicted and the threatened, which two classes represent the whole community, ought to know. The prefatory word says: "Over a million and a half of persons in the United States are suffering from some form of this dread disease." The pamphlet is neatly bound, and like all the publications of the Association, handsomely printed. It is for free distribution. Why not send for some and pass them around? This is good material for the Church Door Pulpit.

---

President Vincent of the University of Minnesota has the leading article in the December number of *Religious Education* on Socialized Religion. In this article he says:

The old individualism has affected every interest; it has dominated morality; it has been the controlling theory of business, it has pervaded religious and theological conceptions. We are coming to realize that this individualism was half-truth, that there is another side. Our life together under modern conditions impresses upon us social solidarity. We realize that we are our brothers' keepers, that the personality of each is bound up with the community. When this conviction becomes vivid and stirs the emotions, when God is thought of not as interested in persons only but in the whole social order, when we think of society as a means by which God's purposes may be worked out in this world, when each one sees himself a co-operator in the inspiring enterprise of building a New Jerusalem that shall be realized in this world, then religion becomes a social bond as well as a personal experience. So, too, theology, which is the interpretation of religious experience, is restating its truth in social terms. It is insisting more and more on a common spiritual life, on fraternal inter-dependence, upon the fact that all men are the children of God.

---

*The Chautauquan Weekly* for December 6 contains an interesting picture of a "Palestine Class" conducted in Galena, Ill., from 1859-'61 by a young Methodist minister by the name of John H. Vincent. It was a travel class indulging in what Lowell would call "Fireside Travels," but probably it was the seed that grew the Chautauqua movement, and made of the Methodist elder the great bishop, honored beyond the outermost confines of the Methodist church. The Chautauqua movement is one of the few institutions, of religious parentage, that has kept up with the times and ahead of them. It is a great People's University, which has demonstrated the possibility of interpreting the conclusions of science and the wealth of literature into daily strength for daily needs, among common people. It has furthermore demonstrated the fact that a church can conserve its piety by and through study and that the intellect need not vacate its throne in the interest of the spiritual life and the helpful faith.

---

Next week we will begin the publication of a serial life of Gerrit Smith, the chapters of which will probably reach through the better part of the year. The author, the Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Keosauqua, Iowa, undertakes the work under peculiarly happy circumstances. His own boyhood life reaches back into the land of Gerrit Smith and his memory touches that land when the name of Gerrit Smith was a name to conjure by and the spiritual horizon was haloed with the radiance of that remarkable life, full of courage, devotion and independence. But we will let Mr. Perkins speak his own introduction in next week's issue. There must be many men and women throughout the length and breadth of the land to whom this announcement would come with a thrill could it reach them, and who would be glad to become subscribers

to UNITY during the appearance of these chapters, out of their love for the great man and their interest in the great cause, if UNITY presented no other attractions. Will not our readers pass the word along.

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After the whirlwind which passed over Chicago in connection with its public school interests there has come a great calm and the still small voice of reason seems to have been heard and heeded. Ella Flagg Young has been restored to the position from which she was so unexpectedly removed, and Mr. Shoop, who for a few days occupied the very uncomfortable position of successor to Mrs. Young, has taken his place as assistant superintendent which he has so creditably filled during Mrs. Young's administration. The ousted members of the Board who want to render null their own signatures by denying the resignations which they were once glad to sign in order to get in, threaten further legal disturbances, but it is to be hoped that better sense and a higher self-respect will prevail in their hearts and minds and that they will cease to make trouble in a Board on which their further usefulness is clearly gone. It is a poor ambition to get back into a Board where they only make trouble. Meanwhile let Chicago apply itself to the main difficulty. Find some basis of a Board of Education that will secure the efficiency which is now absolutely impossible with the clumsy twenty-one, politically appointed, members.

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The Forty-eighth Annual Report of the Trustees read before the General Convention of the Universalists, which convened in Chicago October 22-26, 1913, is before us, a packed pamphlet of a hundred and sixteen pages, closing with the Occasional Sermon on "The Challenge of the Church," by Dr. Frederic W. Perkins. The facts and figures when read large, are pitiably small compared with the bigness of the message and the breadth and depth of the hope this body stands for. After all the encouragement is drawn from these pages, the final consolation of the Universalist is that his faith has overflowed the boundaries of his church, that the success of his cause is the doom of his organization. The highest success possible for any Protestant church is to make itself unnecessary. That is the "protest" part of it. When nobody believes in Hell as a place of eternal torment, established and maintained by an eternal God, there will be no place for a *Universalist* church based upon that protest. But there will be an enlarged place for the *church* as the home of struggling souls, the fraternity of loving spirits whose business it will be to minimize the antagonisms between man and man to break down the fences between sects, to forget schism in the larger brotherhood.

In all the investigations into the cause of the high cost of living and all this attempt to place the responsibility on middleman, railroad man, this class or that, one would do well to listen to the voices of those who know. The *Country Gentleman,* commenting upon the great International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago, touches the primal source of scarcity. Beef and pork, mutton and eggs are primarily high because there is not enough of them to satisfy the needs of purchasers. If the world is to be better fed on these commodities, there must be more cattle raised, more hens fostered, more eggs produced. In order to do this, there must be more hands to till the soil, more women who are willing to guard and feed the chickens, more boys and girls to hunt eggs. This carries us back to the more primal deficiency, the scarcity of labor. There are too few men who are willing to sweat and to do the hard work of the field and the farmyard with their own hands. But still there are those at Washington who are trying to fence out the eager tides of human workers who want to come to the United States, not to taste of its luxuries, not to speculate in its stocks and bonds, but to take a hand in its hard work, to do the drudgery of civilization, if perchance they may receive therefor wages enough to feed themselves and their little ones. Let the workers come and if needs be let the idlers starve.

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## "Christmas Waits" at the Lincoln Centre

The first business was to prove by the dictionary that the word used in this phrase has no relation to the verb "to wait," but that it is a noun allied to the word "watchman," and "Christmas Waits" as used by our British fore-elders was the Christmas Watch that went about heralding the morn with merry carolings.

Then came the statement of a desire to do something to break away from the commercial tyranny and family intensity, narrowly interpreted, which threatens the Christmas celebrations in this land and age. Was it possible to sing Christmas carols on the streets of Chicago? Could the boys and girls who gather at the Sunday and week day classes at the Centre be induced to become Christmas carolers? Would the parents of the same enter into the spirit of the occasion? Could the whole thing be lifted into a spontaneity and a dignity that would become the Christmas time, ameliorate the intensity rather than become the one more hard thing to do?

This problem was stated to the "resident workers" a month or so in advance, and "How splendid!" "Let's do it!" "It's worth trying!" etc., came the response.

Plans were immediately set afoot. A selection of six carols, mostly from the Unity Festival Service Book, was printed on handy slips. A bugler was

found, a G. A. R. veteran who was the "boy bugler" in a regiment during the war, who could also play the cornet. The presence of Jennie Johnson, Chicago's sweet singer, a child of All Souls Church and always a ready helper at the Lincoln Centre whenever she can be spared from more urgent calls, was assured.

Courage grew with the growth of the plan and the adjoining ministers were asked if they would "join in the chorus." The Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist and the Congregationalist pastors said "Splendid, but we fear everybody is engaged, etc., but go ahead!" There were two cornets in the Congregational Sunday School and a full band in the Boy Scout organization of the Presbyterian Church; perhaps they could be secured.

All this, two weeks ahead of Christmas, then came the reaction, the intensified pre-occupation, the "home" interests, and "other plans," so that to use the slang of the hour, various parties seemed to be getting "cold feet" over the prospect. There was a suspicion that those who ventured would be jeered and made a laughing stock of; in short it would be a "fizzle."

But Lincoln Centre does not drop its schemes so readily and preparations went on. The rehearsals for the carols were not very satisfactory. An astonishing number of boys and girls who are loath to stay at home of evenings were found who felt that on that night their mothers would not consent to their being out, etc. But "Christmas Waits" must be tried! Three dozen staves six feet long made of seven-eighths quarter round Georgia pine were secured from the adjoining planing mill. Three dozen kerosene lanterns were bought. Twenty-five cents worth of bright red slitted tissue paper used for Christmas packing was secured and the thirty-six lanterns were beautifully draped in red with gleams of white light between. The engineer at the Centre had the lanterns lit and securely tied to the end of the staves.

The night settled down early and gloomily around the Centre on Christmas Eve, but the lanterns were lit and the auditorium illuminated early. By seven o'clock the outside contingent began to drop in. A few of the Lincoln Centre girls had the courage of their convictions and showed up; some of the boys came as far as the vestibule but with sheepish shamefacedness did not dare to come into the auditorium. Some of the true-blue backers of the Centre came out, a sense of loyalty to the Head Resident and his associates perhaps, and then some strange ladies and gentlemen began to report from the Congregational, the Baptist and the Presbyterian churches, then the youthful Methodist minister and his wife came and things looked more prosperous. Plans had been made for a half hour rehearsal of the carols before going on the street. The man with the cornet had arrived. Jennie Johnson, who had toured Illinois as an open air suffragist singer, was on hand in good voice and good courage. She is a host in herself; the organist and the pianist of the Lincoln Centre had slipped out of town, but the young wife of the Methodist parson could play and she presided at the piano, and so the rehearsal began.

The company was now sixty or more strong and gradually increasing. The bugler took the elevator and with an attendant found the top of the Lincoln Centre building. From this high position he blew the inspiring notes of Antioch, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth receive her King!" Then the procession was formed. The "Head Resident," carrying a white bordered banner, led the march, some little girls who were given the holly sprigs left over from the Sunday decorations, followed, then the bugler with his cornet, and next came Jennie Johnson, flanked on one side by William Apmadoc, who for nearly a quarter of a century has led the singing at All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre, and on the other by the Methodist parson, who is something of a singer himself, both carrying lanterns. Then came the "procession" purely impromptu, boys, girls, gray-bearded men, and women. Some who came to see the show were swept by the fun and enthusiasm of it into the lines, and the red lanterns gave to the whole procession a festive appearance. The first halt was in the porches of the Methodist Church diagonally across the way and the carols rang around and into a darkened church.

But here came an unlooked for interruption. The policeman asked for a permit from the Park Commissioner, no procession was allowed on the boulevard without a permit. "Bless you, Mr. Policeman, we never meant to have a procession, we only want to chant a few carols before these churches and business places around here."

"Well, nothing like a march can be allowed."

"Suppose we don't march; just go in a crowd."

"Well, I can't stop that, only so you keep going and keep the sidewalks clear."

So the word from the leader came: "This company will break ranks and meet in front of the Church of the Holy Angels, one block westward. Get there any way you please," and so in jolly disorder the crowd went on the sidewalk and off the sidewalk. Some of the little girls would carol in spite of themselves because now the music was in the air. As we approached the Church of the Holy Angels dim lights were seen through some of the windows, and some of the Lincoln Centre Catholic girls whispered to the leader that they were listening to confessions and we ought not to disturb them. We would not disturb them and so the merry crowd gathered at the corner beyond, in front of the new parish schoolhouse, and then we sang, led by the cornet. Once off the boulevard the jolly company assumed a little more the shape of a procession. Half a block north on Vincennes and then

east again on Thirty-ninth Street. The next corner, Elmwood and Thirty-ninth Street, is a famously bad saloon center brilliantly lighted with electric lights. The company halted and caroled two or three times, and by the brilliant electric lights that streamed through the plate glass windows of a saloon, Jennie Johnson sang as a solo the Christmas "Nowel" in a way that woke the echoes for blocks around. Passers-by gathered, the inmates of the saloons came out. They cheered and were delighted and "Merry Christmas" greetings cordially exchanged.

Forward again the bugle sounded, on to Cottage Grove, north half a block where the company gathered in the ample area in front of the street car barns. Street car conductors and grip men threw up the windows in the second story and gathered around the singers and the caroling was now more confident, more spontaneous. The bugler blew the "feed call" which the horses learned to love so in the army. From thence south by the brilliantly lighted business places on to the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, where saloons are too numerous and the Drexel Cafe offers its questionable but powerful attractions, here they stopped for more carolings and more hearty exchanges of "Merry Christmas!" The red lanterns became more picturesque in the full glare of the brilliant electric lights. Then the word was to meet at the South Congregational Church on Drexel Boulevard. Said a genial business man, "Why go two blocks away to sing to a cold and dark church while you have good lights and lots of folks here to listen to you?" The question stung, but to the South Congregational Church we went, and the stone pile, dark as a pocket, echoed the carols and the bugle. Two blocks away was the Memorial Baptist Church on Oakwood Boulevard. Again, "There must be no procession on the boulevard." The word was, "We will meet again on the steps of the Baptist Church." This was our last stop. This church was also cold and dark, but the windows of the adjoining apartment houses were thronged, and good cheer and greetings were expressed when "Silent Night! Holy night!" again awed the company into silence, and the joy was gentle and the good cheer was peaceful. Diagonally across the way was the Lincoln Centre. We had made a circuit of about eight blocks and the company was invited to go across, take the elevator at the Centre, go up into Emerson Hall, where coffee and sandwiches awaited the carolers. Perhaps eighty accepted the invitation.

There were in the company the little dirty faced boys and girls of the streets who perhaps all the while had the sandwiches in mind, and the group of the Lincoln Centre girls, not large but enthusiastic, most of whom were, perhaps, Catholic girls who caroled in clear bird notes as they marched, whether anybody else did or not; and there were the few representatives of the adjoining churches, men and women with gray hair, who declared it was such a jolly time; and there was the Methodist elder who declared it the most joyous evening of the kind he had ever spent; and the whole thing was over at nine o'clock. The bugler went home with a sore lip for he said it was more bugling than he had done at one time since the war. Jennie Johnson's voice was as clear as ever, and neither Mr. Apmadoc nor the "head resident" acquired the hoarseness with which they were threatened.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter as summed up by everyone? "Next year we will do this better." "We will organize the singing forces of this group of churches." "We will rehearse the carols."

But what is the result of this experiment at Lincoln Centre, undertaken in the face of the tremendous preoccupation which so threatens to de-Christmas the Christmas Eve, carried out in the face of a lot of cold water on the point of turning into ice?

1. This is but one of many indications that our suggestions in last week's UNITY were pertinent. The Christmas day is to be extended into a Christmas week and the family is to be interpreted in terms of neighborly and civic co-operation. The great municipal tree erected by the city of Chicago in Grant Park was a beautiful thing. It was so great a success that it menaced the tremendous crowd. There ought to have been five hundred such illuminated centers in Chicago and the electric lights turned on, not one evening, but for the seven evenings of the holiday week.

2. There is an absence of choral lore in our American communities. The first carol slip printed at the Centre contained nine carols, but the pastor of the Congregational Church said, "Our people will not know those carols," and so another slip of five, mostly hymns, not carols, selected by him from their Hymns of Worship and Service Book, was printed; but there were more than were needed. "Hark the Herald Angels Sing;" "Silent Night, Holy Night;" "We Three Kings of Orient Are;" "Come All Ye Faithful," and Herrick's quaint, "In Numbers and but These Few," served the needs of our chorus and if the better and larger thing is done next year, no "new" carols, but more of the "old" ones ought to be sung again.

3. How the unsociable character of the churches was unexpectedly and unintentionally brought out by this caroling. At the very time of all the year when the saloons, the dance halls, business houses and private homes were resplendent in light, radiating a cheerfulness that was contagious, the four churches visited were stark and cold. There was light at the Lincoln Centre, but not the dazzling light that might and ought to have gleamed from all its windows.

All these are things to think about before another Christmas arrives.

## THE PULPIT

# 1913 and Its Contribution to 1914

**A Sermon Preached at**
**THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO**
***By Jenkin Lloyd Jones***

**December 28, 1913.**

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

**Prayer.**

**We thank thee, Father, for the ingathering of another holy year, another year touched with the sacrifices of humble men and loyal women, another year sanctified by the pangs of motherhood, the sorrows of the grave, the dark shadow of our sins. Another year illuminated with the hopes that never die, with Thy presence ever nigh, that calls us to things that are better, purer, more worthy. Father, we thank thee for the bounties of the earth, but more we thank thee for the bounties of the soul which alone prevent the bounties of earth from becoming burdens and curses.**

**Father, as we stand at the end of another year, give us courage to face the rising sun, give us courage to cheerfully wait the coming of another year, give us courage to forget the past in the interest of the future, leaving behind us the things that are done, pushing forward to the things that are to be done. Amen.**

SERMON

For the thirty-first time, I think, I bring you my annual estimate, knowing that it is but a passing estimate, which is the only thing possible for the most keen observer.

Another link in the endless chain has been forged. Another cog in the wheel that knows no stopping has moved by. Another tick in the clock of destiny. Life remains, but lives are gone. Work continues, but the workers have ceased their industry. The old stage stands, actors continue to enter and exit. Nothing is more transitory than men and women, nothing is more permanent than humanity. Individuals go, but the race remains. Pilgrims pass; they leave their problems; they gather flowers and fruit and precious stones along the roadside, at the turning they go, but they must leave their treasures behind them. Countless travelers have passed to the bourne from whence there is no returning, during 1913, but they took nothing with them. Naked they entered, naked they departed. Empty were the little hands in the cradle, though warm and grasping; empty were the hands in the coffin, cold and stiff.

And those are least missed and most promptly forgotten whose hands were most dextrous in gathering. Business, the most absorbing game of all human activities, is the most independent of men. Last year John Pierpont Morgan, the greatest financier of our country, probably the wealthiest American,—but he had long passed the point where finances are computable, neither he nor anyone else could ever tell how large his fortune was,—he, this master of finance passing on, left his belongings behind. Now, not his money but his art collection is the object of most interest to survivors, perhaps his pictures may perpetuate his name when his bonds are forgotten.

Henry Morrison Flagler, one of the founders and greatest recipients of Standard Oil profits, had ten more years than Morgan in which to gather and he was diligent, but now that he has gone not his luxurious hotels and baronial mansions, but the curious, bold and triumphant railway, carrying many lives and the traffic of life over the Florida Keys and above the waves, will perpetuate his memory.

Thus it is when business makes common cause with the humanities, when the man of affairs makes the uplift of the world his own, he compounds with immortality and becomes a favorite of history and his name will abide among men, and his fame enter into the inheritance of the lowly born. Few will remember how much money Dr. Thaddeus Lowe made in life, or how he made it, but millions will speak his name in connection with the observatory on the California mountain, and will await the last tidings from the heavenly host reported by the telescopes which he mounted.

A great manufacturer lived, was it in England or America?—where were the mills and how many hands were employed, I do not know, but the busy washerwoman who sends her boy with coppers in his hand to get the thread that is to sew on the buttons torn off in play, will remember the name, and will say "Don't forget Coates' No. 40." The thread made by James Coates, who became Sir James Coates, the number of whose years was seventy-eight.

James B. Hammond had estates and yachts, and he left a will which must have interested somebody for a time, but his name is perpetuated in the typewriter, which represented at once the quest and triumph of his life. His brain perfected a most ingenious machine, which incidentally made money. He lived to be seventy-three.

Carl Hagenbach left us in the sixty-ninth year of his life. He was a successful business man, but his name will be perpetuated beyond his dollars because he was a hunter without a gun, and counted that only a quarry worth while which was caught alive and sound. The children will long delight in his name because he enriched the circus ring with elephants, giraffes, hippopotami and many other "awful curious creatures."

The death roll grows more bright and the letters are more delicate and beautifully haloed as we pass out among those whose hands reproduced the beauty their eyes saw, and which the rest of us saw first when they painted it. How many hearts felt a pang when the dispatches recorded the death of John George Brown, that dear painter of the delightful urchins of the New York City streets. He lived eighty-one years to interpret the life of lowly lads in terms of cheerfulness and beauty.

Pathetically short and burdened with pain was the life of Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, whose fame is sure and whose name is a household word to the intelligent, for he shaped out of clay the greatest of Lincoln statues, which constitutes now the incomparable art treasure of the city of Chicago. The lives of thousands that eddy around the feet of the statue of the great commoner in Lincoln Park are touched anew with pathos and patriotism whenever they pass.

But the most bewitching of artists are they who deal with words more subtle than pigments, more enduring than marble and bronze. Alfred Austin, England's poet laureate; Edward Dowden, the greatest interpreter of English literature, of the University of Dublin, are among the departed of 1913; also Mrs. Julius Dorr, the minor poet whose songs gushed from her heart to soothe and strengthen. She stayed with us until her eighty-seventh year.

Sir John Lubbock was a great London banker. The

English crown made him Lord Avesbury, the working men of England christened him St. John Lubbock because he created out of whole cloth, by act of Parliament, a fresh breathing spell for the workers, known as "bank holiday." But he is still wider known and will be longer remembered as one familiar with wasps and bees.

In this presence and from this desk let me speak in a word of grateful remembrance, touched with a sense of brotherly love, the name of Francis Fisher Browne of Chicago, and Reuben Gold Thwaites of Wisconsin. The former, the gentle, sensitive poet who preferred to gather with an appreciative hand the poems of others and to make them available to those who needed them, rather than to use his own talent.

Chicago has given more pompous sepulture to many men this last year than it gave to the quiet editor of the *Dial,* whose persistent spirit kept possession of the frail body for sixty-nine years, but were it possible to compile a list of the makers of Chicago according to their relative contributions the name of Francis Browne would appear high up the roll. He built no skyscrapers, he left no estate to puzzle his administrators, but he did establish and maintain for over a quarter of a century what the competent long since have pronounced the highest and perhaps the oldest journal devoted exclusively to literary criticism and the interpretation of current letters.

Mr. Thwaites rescued the perishing records of the earliest pioneers of the great West, Fathers Marquette, La Salle, Tonte and others, and was secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society—perhaps the most notable and successful historical society of the kind in this country. He was busy when death overtook him, still a young man, only forty-seven, in gathering together the stories of the simpler builders of Wisconsin, those pioneers, who with the axe and the oxen cleared the forests, built the worm fences and prepared the way for those who later helped to save the nation and place Wisconsin at the head of the procession of states which is marching forward and climbing toward an ideal. It is said of Mr. Thwaites that he "revivified for this generation the reminiscences of the French explorers in the middle West, and in his hands no document was of value, however ancient or well attested, that lacked in human interest."

Lastly let me mention in this list of the year's dead, the name of Rev. Samuel A. Barnett. He was a canon of the Church of England, sub-dean of Westminster; but those titles do not make him conspicuous. But the fact that he was the founder of and for many years Warden of Toynbee Hall, in London, the first social center, the pioneer "settlement," places him among the leaders of the new crusade, as the father confessor of a new interpretation of the old gospel, a saint in the calendar of Christianity who escaped doctrine and dogma, and invested himself with helpfulness and expressed piety and morality in the plural number.

### The Book Harvest.

The annual product of the press has passed beyond the power of any statistical exhibit, even by an expert. It may be possible to compute the number of bushels of wheat grown in the Dakotas, the corn crop of Illinois and Iowa, the number of steers shipped from Texas, or the bales of cotton produced in the South, but no one can compute the number of volumes that have fallen from the bookbinder's hands in 1913. For the printing press has been busy in all lands and has spread words of sense and nonsense in all languages. However it may be with the constituency of the pulpit there is no doubt but what the constituency of the man with the pen, aye, even the man with the pencil, is constantly growing. Were it possible to adequately analyze the year's books, it would be a more sure index of things accomplished and things hoped for, than can be reached by any other method.

Perhaps the seventy or more books bearing the imprint of 1913 on their title page, which have found their way to my library shelves, are not a very unfair exhibit of the world's thinking, for they came in accordance with some blind law of selection below and beyond much systematic volition on my part. I sought the books that were needed in my work, or, more properly speaking, my work grew the books.

### *Theological and Religious.*

To speak first of the books that are supposed to be most in line with my profession: The *American Unitarian Association* has put forth this year an unparalleled list of books, representing the trend of thought and growth of the spirit that refuses to be limited by any sectarian or denominational bias. Dr. Dodson of St. Louis has given us one of the clearest interpretations of "Bergson and the Modern Spirit." Dr. Calthrop, from the highlands of his eighty-four years, has condensed into one volume the supreme message and the essence of his life's work,—which has been to interpret the conclusions of science in terms of religion; to show, so far as words and clear thinking may, "That the heavens do declare the glory of God and that the firmament does show his handywork." His book is well entitled "The Supreme Reality." The Rev. John C. Kimball left us two volumes entitled "The Ethical Aspects of Evolution" and "The Romance of Evolution," which represent the radical preaching of a generation ago. He was at that time one of the few preachers who boldly and aggressively insisted on the truths of evolution. These discourses might be called in this day pulpit reinforcements of Darwin and Herbert Spencer at a time when these names were spoken with hesitation, if not with suspicion and opposition, by the man in the pulpit. William Henry Fish, Jr., the gentle spirit, well known to the Unitarian ministry, now beyond the sixties, as a diligent comrade, has had his words gathered into a persuasive volume entitled "The Eternal Presence." Our friend, Charles W. Wendte, pioneer in the field now occupied by All Souls Church of Chicago, has compiled an interesting volume of addresses entitled "Freedom in the Churches," being the words of a Conference of Religious Liberals held in Rochester, New York, last year. The Rev. E. S. Forbes has made a similar collection of addresses on "The Social Ideals of a Free Church." David Starr Jordan has added two more to the beautiful series of little books issued by this house entitled "The Unseen Empire" and "America's Conquest of Europe." This notable year's activity of the A. U. A. ends with a collection made from the writings of Robert Collyer, edited by his successor, John Haynes Holmes. "Clear Grit" has not yet reached my hands, but was anticipated by the memorial edition of Unity for December 18, which, to my mind, justifies the year's work on the part of the editor and the two dollars on the part of the subscriber.

Dr. James Morris Whiton, the tireless and courageous advocate of the only consistent and potent basis of religious unity, has gathered a valuable volume from his "Friends in Council," entitled "Getting Together." The table of contents shows a basis of religious unity large enough to include the Congregationalist, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Universalist, the Unitarian, the Jew, and those who occupy the intermediate spaces. This basis is one of spiritual aspiration, the power to appreciate those who differ from us, a disposition to recognize the good beyond all forms and the truth implied in all the creeds.

The Rev. Clay MacCauley, for many years Unitarian missionary in Japan, doubtless found Tokyo a congenial atmosphere in which to write a learned book on "The Faith of the Incarnation, Historic and Ideal," which is an attempt to fit Christianity into a system of philosophy that is both historic and ideal. The thousands of students, men and women, who for so many years were quickened and delighted as they sat at the feet of that great master, John Bascom, will be gratified that two volumes of his ever benignant addresses have been gathered by the *Putnam* press. One entitled "Things Learned by Living," and the other, "Sermons and Addresses." Great and successful college presidents are numerous in the annals of American education. Perhaps many others have exceeded John Bascom in administrative ability and financiering triumphs, but he has few peers and no superiors as a master in the class room. He was one who placed his stamp upon his pupils. He was the Thomas Arnold to the undergraduates in the American colleges with which he labored. The story of Arius is a forgotten romance and the Arian movement carries but little interest and less study in these days because the Libyan monk of the fourth century, and the heresy titled by his name, represented a transitional form of thought, a half way ground between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, which has no permanent place in the world's thinking; nevertheless, J. Hay Colligan's "The Arian Movement in England," issued from the *University Press* of Manchester, England, last year, is an interesting story of the heroic movement and development of thought that has given us the wealth of the modern Unitarian movement in England and America, with many high causes and prophetic voices, which are the direct products of the same.

It is a far cry from this somewhat technical study of doctrine to the slender little "Parable of Cherries" by Edward Steiner, but the latter is the fruit of which the former is the stem. The rabbi, the priest and the pastor, all dealt in "cherries" that in the last analysis were tested by their juiciness and power of refreshing.

The Rev. G. A. Kratzer's "Dominion Within" and Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson's "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence," proving the adherence of their authors to the principles of Christian Science as taught by Mary Baker G. Eddy, are books that reflect the storm clouds on the borderland of Christian Science. Mrs. Stetson's is a sumptuous, costly work of twelve hundred pages, printed upon Japanese paper, filled with a detail of correspondence and argument, which undertakes to prove her Christian Science orthodoxy, although she must abide outside the gates from which she has been expelled. Mr. Kratzer's modest little volume contains various deliveries on his part, showing his loyalty to Mrs. Eddy and her doctrine although he withdrew from the church in order to avoid the expulsion arising from what he considers the tyranny of administration. Mr. Kratzer's training in the Universalist ministry gives him a continued belief in the liberty of prophesying, and because he exercised this same liberty and ventured to expound his faith in immortality and kindred doctrines without asking leave of the committee, he was subjected to a discipline to which he did not care to submit.

Quite different in matter but very interpretative of the growing spirit in religion today, is "A Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom," edited by the Rev. J. M. Connell, that comes to us from the English press of *Longmans Green and Co.* The editor says: "The aim has been to illustrate the continuity of Divine inspiration since New Testament times,—to include only such writings as have an assured place in the veneration of Christendom." The book has been prepared for the use of those churches, which, while continuing to regard the Bible as their chief lesson book, are desirous of a more extended lectionary. The writings are arranged chronologically and offer a rich anthology for private or public use. Of the many books of this kind on my shelves, no one of them covers so wide a field within the limits indicated, or exercises more efficiently the criticism by omission. It is inded a rich volume.

In this list should be mentioned for want of better connection "The Spiritual Autobiography of Charles Gordon Ames." It is the story of the inner life of one who was born to be a spiritual guide. His long life ended in the high ministry that befitted a successor to James Freeman Clarke. No sweeter, stronger contribution to liberal religion, with the emphasis on *religion,* has come within the range of my vision during the year. It is the story of a man of faith who in the interest of faith outgrew the theology of dogma and text and grew into the theology of life and of science.

*Sociology.*

Of the books at hand, the largest and perhaps the most pretentious, certainly the most unique, is Prof. Small's "Between Eras; from Capitalism to Democracy." Dedicated to "the fraternal fellowship of men and women who rate the interests of the whole above the claims of their special kind." Twenty-six chapters, a cycle of conversations in which The Mediator, The Misfits, The Prophet, The Philanthropist, The Unconvinced, etc., have their say. A simpler and more compassable book is that by Mr. Small's colleague, Charles R. Henderson, who last year made the circuit of the globe in the interest of the Barrows Lectureship. He went to the far East and in these six lectures on "Social Programmes in the West" told the Orientals how we were doing things in America. It was right that he should interpret us at our best and a large part of his exhibit might be called a presentation of what we are trying to do, or still better, what we ought to try to do. We cannot conceive of more profitable missionary work among non-Christian peoples who are not too benighted to move the previous question, transferring the discussion from theology to sociology, questions of how to save the soul on earth rather than to save souls from hell for heaven. When will the Barrows Lectureship send forth a man who will be able to interpret twentieth century religion in the West with as free, sympathetic

and open a mind as Professor Henderson has interpreted the twentieth century civics? There are multitudes waiting in India, China and Japan for voices from the West which will help interpret to them their own religions in the terms of universal religion.

Clearly the name of Graham Taylor forms the third in the Chicago sociological trio,—Henderson, Small, Taylor,—and we know not where to find the fourth name to make a quadrangle out of the triangle. Mr. Taylor has put forth "Religion in Social Action," which is overdue on my table, and because of its tardiness I cannot speak from first hand observation, but it is safe to take Prof. Graham Taylor on trust and look with interest to the pleasure and profit of reading his message.

William English Walling's "The Largest Aspect of Socialism" and Allen L. Benson's "The Truth About Socialism" may be considered "the long and the short" of socialism interpreted from the inside. Mr. Walling's work is encyclopedic. Mr. Benson's work is short meter and popular.

But we suspect "The Autobiography of a Working Woman," the simple story of Adelheid Popp, with an introduction to the American edition by the pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, will move more hearts to socialism than all the arguments of the preceding volumes. This poor girl, born into the grimest of circumstances, beset with the most awful temptations, rose out of the most gruesome shop life of Vienna into an appreciation of brotherhood and love that made her a radiant apostle of the socialism that is a religion.

Wilhelm Lamszus' "The Human Slaughter-House," with an introduction by the poet Alfred Noyes, is one more burning protest against war. This book cost the author his position as a schoolmaster in Austria, which I believe was ultimately restored. It is simply a vivid, realistic picture of the realities of war. "O! but it's over statements!" says the advocate of militarism, and hopes the gentle, militant woman. Don't you believe it! Take the word of one who has been there. The skirmish that has sprinkled with blood the dew-gemmed pasture outreaches in horror the most vivid description possible to pen. The ultimate argument against war and war-like measures is found in just this horrible waste of human life, the unspeakable cruelties visited upon the unoffending, the misapplied sacrifices.

Herbert Quick is a man of facile genius. Born on an Iowa farm, disciplined in field and farmyard, schoolmaster, editor, mayor, man of business, poet and orator. In Sioux City he helped prosecute boodlers, in Madison, Wis., he edited La Follette's weekly, in Columbus, Ohio, he edits *Farm and Fireside*. Wherever he is, he is a man of thought and action. His last book, "On Board the Good Ship Earth, a Survey of World Problems," is full of inspiration, crammed with facts and poetry. He knows the earth and the inhabitants thereof. He views the world as from a high mountain, the details and technicalities do not intrude upon the vision. In an original way he has grasped the world forces and they seem to work upon him more than he upon them. His genial optimism is reinforced by history and demanded by science. It is an easy book to read and as valuable as easy. Quick's book is a dream of what we are coming to. "Broke, the Man Without a Dime," by E. A. Brown, is a realistic picture of what now is. Brown is a real man, born in Illinois, who went "broke" for the sake of trying out the provision made for the unemployed. He made himself as a beggar in the interest of beggars. All the leading cities of the country from Spokane to Philadelphia were visited, tried out from the standpoint of a tramp, and this book is the result. The young publishing house of *Brown & Howell* of Chicago deserves well at the hands of the public for offering them this very human document.

*The Woman Movement.*

No better indication, not only of the trend but of the strain of the year can be found, than in these seven books relating to the woman problem, which have come to my table fresh from the press of 1913. One book about "Ellen Key," by Louise Listrom Hamilton, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis, another book by Ellen Key, concerning "Rahel Varenhagen," perhaps the most genius laden woman of her times; a learned book about "Women in Science," by H. J. Mozans, setting forth woman's triumphs in astronomy, physics, chemistry, inventions, etc., etc. "The Truth About Women," another sumptuous book of four hundred pages, by C. Gasquoine Hartley, is a study of the woman problem biologically, historically and in its present day aspects. "Women, Marriage and Motherhood," by Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, is an English contribution, the nature of which is indicated in the title. The new terms, which I believe are to be distrusted on account of ambiguity and unscientific connotation, "feminism" and "feminist," are here exploited. "Women as World Builders," by Floyd Dell, from the young publishing house of *Forbes and Company, Chicago,* and "The Man and the Woman, a Chapter on Human Life," by Arthur L. Salmon, from the same house, are little handbooks that will serve the needs of over-hurried club women who must needs prepare a speech or paper, and the cynical man who confesses he is "not much interested but is willing to look into the matter." Floyd Dell furnishes readable sketches of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Mrs. Pankhurst, Jane Addams, Olive Schreiner, Emma Goldman, Margaret Dreier Robins, Ellen Key and others.

A still more slender discussion, but timely and sensible, is John Haynes Holmes' "Marriage and Divorce," a single address given the dignity of covers. The next little book from the *Forbes Company* press, by a stretch of poetic license may be classed under the head of woman's books, as it is entitled "Divorcing Lady Nicotine, or, Getting the Upper Hand of the Smoking Habit," by Henry Beech Needham. It may help some enslaved man to his liberty, but it is doubtful. Nothing will help a man until he realizes his abject slavery to a costly, unsanitary and nasty habit. When such a tyranny is fully realized he needs no help, he will quit anyhow.

*Juvenile Literature.*

May this tribe decrease. Judging from the advertisements, the intellectual lives of American youths have been dreadfully menaced by floods of printers' ink, which has taken the shape of "charming stories," "pretty pictures," "elegant binding," etc. The better these books are, the worse they are for the favored child. Not that they are bad in themselves; quite the contrary; but they debilitate the growing mind and in the competitive struggle crowd out the more valuable and permanent elements in literature which the boy and girl from the sixth grade to the college period ought to be getting acquainted with. The High School girl

whose favorite author is still Louise M. Alcott has been badly handled pedagogically. John Muir's "Story of My Boyhood and Youth" and Enos A. Mills' "In Beaver World" are not "Books for Boys," for which we give thanks, but they are books which charm any healthy minded boy and delight none the less his grandfather. I have read no two books in the year that have given me more sermon material or a more effective life relish than these very wholesome books, which introduce the reader to the borderland where the quadruped and the biped live in such delightful intimacy.

*Biography.*

"Quickened are they who touch a prophet's bones!" It is always profitable to read the story of the great and good. This year brings its inevitable contribution to the Lincoln literature. "The Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Francis Fisher Browne, is the revised edition of a work first printed many years ago. It contained at that time tributes, testimonies and facts from a multitude of high witnesses, the contemporaries of Lincoln, who were still alive. This material received the benefit of the skilful sifting of the editor of the *Dial* during the last years of his ripened life, so that now it combines the attractions of spontaneity and of discriminating criticism, and bids fair to take its place, all things considered, as the richest, most readable one volume interpretation of the Great Emancipator. What Mr. Browne has done with deliberation and without haste or violent condensation, the Rev. A. N. Bullock tried to do in intensely condensed form in a little handy volume, which gives in graphic outline the great story. Doubtless Mr. Bullock's untimely and lamentable death while the book was yet in preparation will account for certain crudities and omissions which subsequent editions would have corrected, and now the contemplated series of "Headlights of American History" has come to an untimely end. But the two greatest headlights, Washington and Lincoln, have been placed in position. These two little books were privately printed by the author, at Appleton, Wisconsin.

"Lincoln and Slavery," by Albert E. Pillsbury, is a clear answer, and it would seem a final one, to those who still would explain Lincoln's public life on any other theory than that of profound hatred of slavery and a determination to do everything within the limits of law and justice to exterminate the same.

Horace White's most valuable and able "Life of Lyman Trumbull," and William E. Conneley's less important but none the less interesting and illuminating "Life of Preston B. Plumb," the War Senator from Kansas, are indispensable collateral readings to the students of the life of Abrahah Lincoln. John Sharpe Williams' work on "Thomas Jefferson's Permanent Influence on American Institutions," is another timely contribution to American history. Thomas Jefferson, the great Commoner, the one connecting link between Washington and Lincoln, is still too little understood and even less appreciated.

Charles Eliot Norton was a man of letters and not of action, but he lived through the two great periods in American history, the history of thought represented by the Transcendental movement and the history of the anti-slavery movement, including the war. Perhaps no American touched so many eminent lives on both sides of the Atlantic as Professor Norton, and the two volumes of his letters edited by his daughter and Mr. DeWolf Howe are most valuable contributions to the higher life story, not only of the United States, but of the age in which he lived.

The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson have reached the Ninth Volume, the Tenth and final volume will complete a remarkable treasury of thought and high comment on life and duty.

To this list of biographies of great value should be added the "Diary of Gideon Welles," Secretary of the Navy during the war, and "The Life and Letters of Florence Nightingale."

*Fiction and Belles-Letteres.*

The vast domain of fiction is beyond the scope of this sermon. "The Inside of the Cup" and "V. V.'s Eyes" seem to be the dominant volumes of the year. If the novel is the modern pulpit, surely the gospel has been effectively preached by these authors and many others. A humble story is Mary Ovington White's "Hazel," but because it is an attempt to do justice to the little brown girl, the unfortunate but happy combination of the black and white races, we are glad to mention it in this connection. It is a book to read because it deals with so difficult a question.

Margaret W. Morley, in her "Carolina Mountains," approaches the problems of the South, and the entanglements incident to race and slavery, with all the help of the bookmaker's art and the camera's truth-telling interpretations. Bertha Thomas' "Tales from the Welsh Hills" misses the exquisite dialect freshness of Jeannette Marks's books, but the mystic element of the Celt, the weird poetry of humble life in out of the way corners of Wales, are admirably presented in this little book brought from London by the enterprising firm *F. G. Browne & Co.*, a house which promises to become an important element in the publishing center of Chicago.

This year I have been paying belated attention to Mark Twain. I have read no less than six of his charming volumes. Perhaps the resolution to leave nothing by Mark Twain unstudied was heightened by the delightful little volume by Elizabeth Wallace entitled "Mark Twain and the Happy Island," which was offered us this year by the *McClurg Publishing Co.* The dreamy atmosphere of Bermuda was never more enchantingly described than when the person of Mark Twain helped vivify the pen and the pencil of this young woman friend.

*Poetry.*

I have saved for the last this always the safest measure of the intellectual life and progress of any age, the poets. That they still live and are busy is manifested by the catalogues. One American publishing house offers a list of eighteen practically unknown poets as the year's output. Alfred Noyes has been printed in new and available editions. He is a man who has unmistakable evidence of the higher genius, for he hates war and loves the people. Democracy ever finds its best advocates among the poets. Frances Jenkins Alcott's "Story Telling Poems" and Jessie B. Rittenhouse's "The Little Book of Modern Verse" are two books of compilations that ought to be welcomed by every lover of poetry. Frances Alcott's compilation goes far afield, through many nations and into many lands, but she always returns with gems for memory's storehouse; while Miss Rittenhouse's book is confined to "Contemporary American Poetry." Here are a hundred and eighty-four different titles from seventy different authors. Most of them refreshingly unfamiliar to gray-

haired gleaners in the poetry field. A Cambridge author has published an anthology of the magazine poetry issued during the year. He tells us that the seven leading magazines in America published five hundred and six poems last year, nearly two hundred of which were adjudged poems of distinction! His book contains twenty pages given to the titles only, and some forty-seven poems selected as best out of the year's output, he publishes in full. All this, let us hope, indicates that the race of poets is not dead and that poetry is not passing out of the world. An age and a land that makes such anthologies as these possible, is an age to be hopeful for and a land to be proud of.

But already I have continued my book study too long and I have only touched upon those that have come into my own library. What wealth beyond! What harvest unreached! What sources of inspiration untouched!

I close the list with the last surprise for the lovers of Browning. A book beautifully printed, nobly illustrated, and ample of page, is that entitled "The Country of the Ring and the Book," by Sir Frederick Treves. Here is told, I, The Story; II, The Country of the Story, and, III, The People of the Story, as they appear in the book. I hope that no one will undertake to satisfy their thirst for culture by reading this book about "The Ring and the Book," rather than the great book itself, which is self-interpretative when carefully studied.

### Events of the Day.

In the few minutes left may I touch hurriedly upon some of the great significant events of the year.

The Parcel Post, already abundantly justified, went into effect last year. The discovery of the South Pole by Amundsen was announced and the none less heroic and pathetic triumph of Robert F. Scott. The Panama Canal has been opened. Woman suffrage has come to Illinois; but the triumph of Illinois,—a triumph of thought,—makes sadder and darker the defeat in Great Britain caused by the absence of thought and the presence of violence. Edison thinks he has perfected a talking-moving-picture machine. Dr. Flexner thinks he has found the germ of infant paralysis. The Eiffel Tower in Paris and the Arlington Station in Maryland have exchanged compliments by wireless. The progress of aviation continues. Rabindranath Tagore, a "pagan" Oriental, has received the Nobel prize in literature. Two million dollars have been appropriated for a Lincoln monument in Washington. Less money but more promise accompanies the "act" on the part of the state of Illinois to find the "Lincoln Way" from Indiana to Illinois, that the trail which led the wagoners over the unbridged rivers and through the unblazed forests may be turned into a glorious pike over which automobiles will travel.

All these many successful and hopeful things occurred last year, but let them not blind us to the dark and gruesome facts of the horrible Balkan embroglio, the pitiable Mexican disturbances, the floods that were the result of imperfect engineering, and the horrible strikes that are the result of as defective social engineering. There are hopeful signs but they should not bring to us an easy going complacency. It is good at this time to be reminded by so eminent an authority as Dr. Eliot of Harvard, out of the ripeness of his studious life, that the Anglo-Saxon race is menaced by three tremendous dangers which, if unchecked and uncorrected, will prove the undoing of this boastful race. One, he calls the degeneracy that springs from the factory system; second, the widespread debauchery from alcoholism; third, the subtile undermining of the white races by the social evil and attendant diseases. These are the words of no agitator revivalist; they are words that come from the chamber of the student, a man accustomed to scientific thought and study.

Notwithstanding these ominous menaces from within there comes a grim anxiety at Washington, which in these last days has culminated in an attempt to legislate a literacy test of immigrants which would close our gates somewhat to the new tides of hopeful and lowly life which in the past has largely made America and which America needs now as much as ever. This attempt is a concession on the part of some of our law makers to two—as it seems to me—unfounded and unjustified suspicions: One, coming from the laboring men who fear the wage scale will be lowered by the influx of what they call ignorant laborers, and the other, still less excusable protest, comes from the Protestant Christians who are afraid that the influx of the children of the Catholic Church will interfere with our religious freedom.

The triumph of the Tariff Bill, and to my mind the great new triumph of the Currency Bill, are to be interpreted as noble movements toward democracy.

America is still in the main undeveloped. We have but scratched the surface of the soil. There are millions of acres waiting the draining, the irrigation and the tilling, which requires the toiling hand. These dreaded immigrants are bringing to us the unexhausted resources of mighty nations. In them lies our hope of progress. Better, a thousand times, for the future of our Republic, an uneducated and unexhausted Pole, Greek or Lithuanian, than the emasculated product of American luxury, the indolent and indulged child of pampered ease.

Let them come! No policy is good for the United States that does not contribute to the strength and power of the world. Let them come! And if in the mighty struggle Saxon blood should prove unequal to cope with the Slavonic races, then all the same the United States of America will triumph in its dominant elements. Aye, if in the long events of time, the yellow man, or the black man, should prove more than a match to the white man, let the white man bow to the rulings of destiny and accept the retirement which can come only from his own degeneracy and from which he can never save himself by proscriptive rulings and prohibitive regulations. The future of America must take its place in the larger future of the world. Anything less cosmopolitan than this savors of provincialism and is in itself a sign of degeneracy.

In the year 1913 the most encouraging incidents are those which point to the time when the cry of Thomas Paine, "The world is my country; to do good is my religion," will be the cry of the sanest politics, will be the cry of the profoundest economy, will be the demand of intelligent civics, as well as of inspiring religion.

Listen to the summing up of the whole matter in the words of one of our own poets whose veins are filled with virile blood drawn from foreign importations:

## "SCUM O' THE EARTH."

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth;"

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes, so lissome and strong,
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass?
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."
You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-wrapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth!"

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—life that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.
Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these,
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

—*Robert Haven Schauffler.*

**Into the joys of the greater fellowship, under the inspiration of thy presence, Father, may we welcome the new year, with its new joys, aye, its new burdens also. Amen.**

## My Library—No. III.

I remember that I first read Whittier's stirring poem, "Laus Deo," in a newspaper, probably soon after its first publication. This stimulated me to read as soon as possible whatever of his I could come across, and eventually to wish strongly for a copy of his "Complete Poems." To many still living the designation, "Diamond Edition," must bring quickly and vividly to mind the series of volumes in which the New England poets first completely found their way into gladly welcoming hands. One by one did these come to me also, in this dress; Whittier first, then Longfellow, then Lowell; and rich indeed did I feel when I ranged them side by side on my as yet very plain and rather short shelf, and joyful beyond words was I, too, when I could get time to read them at will. However these authors may rank as poets—and I hope no one will ever call them down from the pedestal upon which I then placed them—they certainly can never be outranked as educational influences. No one can read these three authors without being wiser and happier, to an extent that is simply immeasurable. Be it in the home, be it in the church, the school or the state, there is no person that would not be the better for having a familiar and devoted acquaintance with these three whole-souled artists of the Word of Life; and every child should be led to read and remember them so thoroughly, that forever after the very essence of their high-mindedness will remain an imperishable and wholesome possession.

Prompted by my liking for our American poets, I drew upon my scanty funds for a copy of "Tennyson's Poems," complete to date, and in one yellow paper-covered poorly printed volume. But here my anticipations of further satisfaction were but poorly realized. I read and re-read almost the entire contents, determined to get out of Tennyson what others had already derived from him, and what, I may say, I have a thousandfold derived from him much more recently, namely, the essential almost unparalleled beauty of his skill, along with the clear depth of his pure meaning, and the joy of his unswerving faith in law, order, and especially in immortality, or, as he himself expressed it, in "Our all being gathered up somehow

into the All-absorbing love of God, into a state infinitely higher than one can conceive of."

Perhaps my inability at first to get out of Tennyson what I, notwithstanding, felt was surely there, may have been owing in part at least to the miserable copy in which I attempted to read him; for I have always noted that a suitable dress adds much to the revelations of literature, in spite of the old saw that it is matter and not form that counts, in the end.

Of course I was minded rather early to secure a copy of Shakespeare; no matter what or how. And what an accession to the "few but proud" numbers of my little stock of books it was,, when finally it did come, in spite of the fact that all of the plays and poems were crowded into a single paper covered volume, on thinnest paper possible, and in smallest type known! It is more than forty years since those days, when the cheap publication of any kind was far more apt to be simply "nasty" than now, and when my Shakespeare came to me in the cheapest and nastiest dress that ever immortal bard found himself clothed in, I am very sure. And yet what a thrill to patiently release him step by step from all this pettiness, as at odd moments between tasks I tried to see in entirety, what a tattered copy of "Dodd's Beauties," rescued long before from the debris and dust of our school library, had given me only in parts. It seems to me now that if Providence had been at all attentive to the real openings of my boyish mind, it would certainly have considered it to be the nick of time, not for ownership of the meanest presentation of Shakespeare that was possible, but for one that was noble and rich and satisfactory enough—one that I could have taken pride in—to be valued and used for all time. Why no one saw this, much less furnished it, has always remained one of the mysteries of my bringing up, altogether too deep and dark for penetration. I know not where this small bundle of large faults went to after the better copy came; for I was then only too glad to see the last of it; yet the human nature in me cries out for at least just one more look at its penurious uncomeliness, that I may again gratify the first love, which, if in this case was never much of a fact, yet was large and intense enough to suggest something of what otherwise might have proven the deepest of boyhood's satisfactions.

Such, in fact, has it been the case, too, with all the rest of the earlier accessions to My Library, which in time have been discarded under one prompting or another, and usually for what seemed to be the best of reasons. These, the old text-books, the unreadable prints, the unreliable or uninteresting compilations, each in turn so filling for the time being such a distinctive place in the imagination, and yet so disrespectfully disposed of, did, nevertheless, so timely stimulate the growing spirit, so furnish mental pabulum that was sorely needed, so engage the flush boyish affections, so become, in fact, thoroughly useful to, if not thoroughly possessed by, the inner spirit, that, although rejected and despised at last, the history of the development of My Library, without notice and grateful remembrance of some of these, would be correspondingly defective, and that of my own real self correspondingly lacking, as well. Probably the very fewest glances at these most familiarly remembered of all my books, with a few careless turnings of their pages additionally, would suffice; but I now feel that every marginal line or word would at least momentarily appeal to the vital recollection of those early days, and that the heart would thus be made once again to beat as of old, and the thrill of glad ownership once again be renewed, as few later accessions would be able to cause. Perhaps not, however; perhaps now I so lavishly idealize them, and withal have so thoroughly "outgrown" them, that only a momentary spur to curiosity, with little of affection, would result. But it were worth while to run the risk, I am sure, if only that I might thus measure my present self with that which so frequently comes back in imagination, when one by one the despised and rejected of my volumes present themselves, in the softened light of choice memory and pensive introspection.

A book that came to my hand in payment for an entire day's work on a neighboring farm, bore the title, "Civil Government," and gave me much information that was of lasting value. It included, besides an analysis of the national and state constitutions, *The Declaration of Independence* and Washington's *Farewell Address,* two papers that forever after served to give me a kind of fundamental assurance that all the horrors of the past years had not been suffered in vain, and that, so long as they could be read by succeeding generations of boys, our country would be permanently safe and prosperous. Opportunely I also re-read about the same time, and altogether more appreciatively than at first, Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address,* which I believe even now should be committed to memory by every voter before he is permitted to vote.

This reminds me of the permanent good I got a year or two later from reading the two big "Commentaries" on the law, by Blackstone and Kent, respectively, under the direction of the late Senator Roscoe Conkling, who wrote me a very kindly letter advising me to do so, in an attempt to find out what prospectively I might be most good for in the affairs of everyday life.

So far as these books gave the history of the development of legal maxims and customs, they commanded my attention seriously, and were likewise rather good for the mental discipline that is needed by whoever undertakes their perusal. Had I possessed the talent and inclination requisite for the practice of law, I might have thus been led to enter the legal profession, and so to have my whole career become very different from what it has been. But the reading of law in no wise reveals what its practice really is, any more than does the "reading" for any other profession. I was certainly wise to enjoy what I could of it theoretically, and then to leave its practice to those who are more fully endowed than I with the serviceable fighting instincts required for its successful prosecution.

From my funds, replenished from time to time by working here and there, and augmented by savings from ordinary expenses whenever this was possible, I early appropriated the price of a volume named "People's Book of Biography," by James Parton, that contained much subject matter that was very attractive, as well as many steel portraits of celebrated personages that were none the less so. Here was indeed a book full of just those interesting facts about a goodly number of illustrious people that make up the best substitute I know of for ordinary gossip, and that served to furnish me at that time most acceptable

subjects for many hours of profitable meditation and pleasant recollection. In this volume I learned especially how little people really know about one another as they struggled side by side in all the ways and walks of life. Even the very titles of its chapters were calculated to catch my attention, and for good. Thus, "General Washington at Home," "Old Dr. Nott," "Was Benjamin Franklin Mean?" "Poor John Fitch," "Zerah Colburn," "Early Life of Lord Byron," "Paul Jones," "What is Known of Shakespeare," "The Wife" of Jefferson, or of Madison, or of Webster, or of Jackson, "Jeanne D'Arc," etc.—what growing, hungry school-boy could read of these without being progressively "educated," in the goodly sense of being self-revealed as well as self-instructed and self-inspired? No volume ever contributed more to that something in my nature, which instinctively reaches out for intimate acquaintance with the best in human life, than this same "People's Book of Biography." Although I have never seen but a single other copy anywhere else, it is a book nevertheless that every boy should have for his very own.

As soon as my savings permitted, I again made another venture in the purchase, this time, of a time-seasoned volume, namely, Milton's "Poetical Works." To him I had already been introduced, through having to "parse," in the presence of numerous older and keener pupils, my share of the entire First Book of "Paradise Lost." As I had thus gained insight into its complicated syntax, something, too, of its prosody had revealed itself; and, in a way, I thus learned somewhat to like the sonorous mouthings required for reading it aloud. That, however, I took to Milton's poetry in the hearty, worshipful sense, enjoyed by many, I cannot affirm. Even at that time Paradise Lost made certain theological demands upon my faith which rather disastrously obscured the work's more truly poetical significance; for I was thus instinctively led to read it in some such way as I had attempted long before to read the Old Testament, and, while not coming to any such overwhelming disaster eventually, I certainly missed the epic's true flavor to a most regrettable extent. To complete the telling of the truth, I was much more impressed by the poetry that I discovered in the circumstances under which the poem was written—the blind man's romantic perseverance in spite of his affiiction, unto the very end! Much better for me than the "Paradise Lost" did I subsequently find "Lycidas," "Il Pensaroso," and "L' Allegro," to be; although "Comus" and "Samson Agonistes" still proved to be but half tolerable; these, too, being all overshadowed by my perhaps unwarranted misconceptions of the rest, and so being charry of revealing their true poetical interest to my callow sensibility. Moreover, as an important contribution to my growth, either literary or spiritual, Milton's writings were not then, nor have they ever been, of very noteworthy importance. I have read in the same volume occasionally, ever since; but the earlier dire suggestiveness persists, and I do not even now derive the pleasure or the profit from it that I desire, or have need of.

Nor did my luck improve, so far as certain most significant impressions were concerned, when about this time I purchased Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"—second-hand and musty, to be sure, but readable, nevertheless. Rather heavy I found it to be for anything like complete comprehension or comfort, I must confess; in fact the very first chapter in which is given an account of Primitive Christianity, I found to be rather forbidding, as well. For notwithstanding my earier experience with religious and theological books, I was not at all prepared to have certain "fundamentals" so critically presented and so keenly discussed as Gibbon did it; and the immediate effect was rather disheartening, to say the least. In fact, it was with Gibbon as it had been before with the Bible and Bunyan and Milton; I needed someone to read it with, someone who could temper its merciless winds to one who was not yet provided with adequate protection. No one, while young enough to be so susceptible, should be allowed to approach this perplexing chapter of Gibbon, except through such kindlier pages as have been written by Farrar, or Geickee, or White, or Stanley; and never certainly without the help of the guiding, correcting, elucidating mind of someone whose reading and meditation and living have furnished him with enough of the spirit of Christianity to enable him to soften, at least, the startling difficulties presented.

As for the rest of the history, I found it to be as acceptable and profitable as one of my immature mind could expect; and on the whole Gibbon proved eventually to be a very useful source, not alone of standard knowledge, but of the right kind of mental stimulus and discipiline as well. When I read it again, if I ever do, I expect to enjoy and profit by ever so much of its sonorous solidity, that undoubtedly escaped or annoyed me then; for every dip into it nowadays convinces me more and more, as it has convinced the reading world in general, that it should have as permanent a place in one's affections, as it should have a prominent place in one's library.

Fortunately, the slight jarring produced by Gibbon was soon alleviated by purchasing and reading Raymond's "Life and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln." Here was a book that told me abundantly about the one I already knew so well; and whose religious as well as civil character had always been so inspiring; besides, what boy that had passed through the Civil War times had not felt that he had come to know as a personal friend him who all along had stood for so much to everyone? In the pages of this biography I breathed again the air of the deep valleys of humiliation and grief, as well as of the mountain-tops on which we had all rested after victory; here, too, I gathered assurance again, that after all humanity as such is always, whether in Ancient Rome or in Modern America, of much more account than all the pomp of war, or the cunning of diplomacy. He who had demonstrated once for all that the people rather than the favored few were entitled to everything that really belonged to them, was here again revealed, in all the entirety possible at that time. And here again the love for country, the enthusiasm for humanity, the larger aspirations for useful experience, were all brought freshly to the front, and rendered more attractive than ever to my readily assenting mind. If Raymond did not tell everything possible about Lincoln's life, he did tell the better part of it, and in a very good way, certainly, and the young reader was stirred to every wholesome reaction, correspondingly.

*Utica, N. Y.* SMITH BAKER.

## THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

## Helps To High Living

SUN.—There is a comfort in the strength of love,
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.
MON.—We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.
* * * * * * * *
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
TUES.—Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
WED.— Truths that wake,
To perish never.
THURS.— But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
FRI.—And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
SAT.— I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth.*

### COZY HOUSE.

Never a door has Cozy House,
Nor hearth nor window-sill;
No chimney tall, nor floor nor wall,—
And yet 'tis cozy still.
The wild wind rocks it o'er my head,
The roof is loud with rain,
But safe inside and snug I bide
Till skies are clear again.

Soon as the sun is shining bright,
I do a funny thing,—
Take down my house and roll it tight,
And go on traveling;
Quick to rebuild it, close and warm,
Should rain begin to fall.
A big umbrella in a storm
Is the finest house of all!

*The Mayflower.* —*Nancy Byrd Turner.*

## Edison's Boyhood

"I was always a careless boy," says Thomas A. Edison, in his biography; "and with a mother of different mental caliber, I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know why it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never used to sympathize with me, and that my father thought I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my difficulties at school for fear that she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'addled,' and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying, and went and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out as my strong defender.

"Mother love was aroused; mother pride was wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced.

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

—*Youths' Companion.*

## Pretty Tradition of the Moss Rose

A German tradition gives the origin of the moss rose as follows: Once upon a time an angel, having a mission of love to suffering humanity, came down to earth. He was much grieved at all the sin and misery he saw, and all the evil things he heard. Being tired, he sought a place wherein to rest; but as it fared with his master, so it fared with him. There was no room for him and no one would give him shelter. At last he lay down under the shade of a rose and slept till the rising sun awoke him. Before winging his flight heavenward he addressed the rose and said, as it had given him shelter which man denied, it should receive an enduring token of his power and love, and so, leaf by leaf, and twig by twig, the soft green moss grew around the stem, and there it is to this day, a cradle in which the new-born rose may lie, a proof, as the angel said, of God's power and love.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Reassuring the Professor

A professor of Yale University, who was one of a party which undertook to penetrate the depths of a Nevada mine for scientific purposes, relates a startling incident in connection therewith.

During the professor's ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner as a fellow passenger, the scientist saw signs of a weak place in the rope.

"Do you often change your ropes, my good man?" he asked, when about half way from the bottom of the abyss.

"We change them every three months," was the reassuring reply of the man in the bucket, "and we change this one tomorrow, if we get up safe today."—*Lippincott's.*

### WEATHER-VANES.

The weather-vane on grandpa's barn
Is like a rooster made of gold
With head thrown back as if it crowed
A cock-a-doodle-doo so bold.

And on the big house by the beach,
Where fishing people keep their things,
The weather-vane is like a fish,
All shining in the wind it swings.

I've seen one like a little horse,
That's just about to run a race;
I've seen an arrow and a ship
With every tiny sail in place.

They don't seem made for grown-up folks;
They seem like strong and splendid toys.
The man who makes the weather-vanes
Must think a lot of little boys.

*The Mayflower.* —*Alice M. Watts.*

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# THE FIELD

***"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."***

## LINCOLN CENTRE PROGRAMS

The last bulletin of activities at this Centre sets forth the following announcements for January and February, 1914:

**Believing Heretics**

*After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers.—Paul. Acts XXIV,* 14.

Sermon-Studies of Some Heroes of Faith—Those Who in Life Suffered Neglect, Opposition, and Sometimes Death, at the Hands of Those of Narrower Vision.

**January 4. James** (first century). See New Testament.
*An early ethical culturist.*

**January 11. Pelagius** (fifth century).
*He believed too much in human nature.*

**January 18. Sir Thomas More** (sixteenth century).
*That cannot be right in a king that is wrong in a subject.*

**January 25. Roger Williams** (seventeenth century).
*The father of religious liberty in America.*

**February 1. Joseph Priestly** (eighteenth century).
*A scientist in the pulpit.*

**February 8. John William Colenso, Bishop** (nineteenth century).
*A mathematician studies the Pentateuch.*

**February 15. Lincoln Anniversary—Lyman Trumbull** (nineteenth century).
*A friend of Lincoln who carried on his work.*

**February 22. Washington's Birthday—Thomas Paine** (eighteenth century).
*A friend of Washington—the pen of the Revolution.*

**Lincoln Centre Fellowship**

Study Section

The Immigration Problem; or, What Can We Do to Americanize the New-Comers?

One Million Reinforcement Per Annum

**Monday Evenings, 8 P. M.**

Leader of the Class—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Manager—Miss Bertha Van Hove.

A study of the following nations will be introduced so far as possible by a representative of the race. Speakers to be arranged for by the persons indicated.

The following hand books are recommended:

1. **"Immigrant Races in North America,"** by Peter Roberts, Ph.D. It is hoped that every member of the class will supply himself with this little hand-book.
2. **"Immigration a World Movement and Its American Significance,"** by H. B. Fairchild.
3. **"Immigration and Labor; the Economic Aspects of European Immigration in the United States,"** by Isaac Hourwich.
4. **"Immigration Problem,"** by J. W. Jenks and W. J. Lauck.
5. **United Census Bureau—Statistics for Illinois,** Washington, 1913, Tables 644-46.
6. **Abstracts of the Reports of the Commissioners,** Washington, 1911, 2 vols., illustrated.
7. **"On the Trail of the Immigrant"** (1906), **"The Immigrant Tide; Its Ebb and Flow"** (1911), by E. A. Steiner.
8. **"Races and Immigrants in America,"** by John R. Commons.
9. **"Changing America; Studies in Contemporary Society,"** by E. A. Ross.

These books will be secured by purchase or otherwise by the class for the use of any one willing to make topical studies for the benefit of the class:

**December 8, 1913. German, Austrian, Hungarian.** Prof. Adolph van Noe.

**December 15. Scandinavian.** Rev. John P. Miller, missionary among the Swedes.

**December 22. Polish.** Mr. L. N. Piotrowski, City Attorney.

**January 5, 1914. Bohemian.** Mr. J. J. Zmrhal, Principal N. S. Davis School.

**January 12. Russian.** Mr. Peter Sissman.

**January 19. Turkey.** In charge of Mrs. Hood.

**January 26. Lithuanian.** In charge of Mr. John R. Richards.

**February 2. Greek.** In charge of Mr. John R. Richards.

**February 9. Balkan.** Mr. John R. Palandech, Editor of "The Balkan World" and "United Servian."

**February 16. Italian.** In charge of Mrs. Geo. F. Shears.

**February 23. Japanese and Chinese.** In charge of Mr. Jones.

Members of the Fellowship admitted free. Non-members $1.00 for the course.

## BROWNING PROGRAM FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY

**January 4, Sunday, 4. P. M.** Reading of Saul by Mr. Jones with organ accompaniment by Miss Josephine Borden.

**January 9.** Caliban. Abt. Vogler.

**January 16.** A Forgiveness.

**January 23.** Clive, Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.

**January 29.** Fra Lippo Lippi, A Toccata of Galuppi's.

**February 6-20.** Pippa Passes.

**Mr. Jones' Week-Day Classes**

Special program for the Browning Class, the Immigration Class, the Ibsen Class and the Classes in Religion—Tuesday, 10:30 a. m., and Friday at 8 p. m.—can be obtained at the office.

The Confirmation Class meets every Friday at 2:30 p. m. All these classes are open to the public.

The Lincoln Centre Fellowship. Monthly dinner January 14. Judge Uhlir of the Court of Domestic Relations will speak on his work.

Don't forget New Year's Reception, 7-11 p. m. Mrs. Milo B. Randall and the Social Committee have it in charge.

And don't forget to reserve Thursday night, January 8, for our most important event of the year—the Annual Supper and Meeting of All Souls Church. Supper 6:30 p. m.

## LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

The great convention held in Columbus by the Anti-saloon League had its greatest sensation in the speech of ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, who came boldly over from the side of the saloon and, recalling with grief the loss of his son through liquor, gave himself to the cause of righteousness and temperance. Hardly less thrilling was the recital by an old-time friend of Lincoln of an utterance of his made on the very day of his death.

Major J. B. Merwin of Middlefield, Conn., was the personal friend and associate of President Lincoln and was specially commissioned by the President to work in behalf of temperance among the soldiers. "You are but the growing exponents of what Lincoln lived for and

died for," the little man told his hearers.

He then repeated with startling clearness the words of Lincoln to him on the day of his assassination.

### What Lincoln Said.

"Merwin, we have cleaned up, by the help of the people, a colossal job. Slavery is abolished. The next great question will be the overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic. And you know, Merwin, that my head and my heart, my hand and my purse will go into that work. In 1842, less than a quarter of a century ago, I predicted that the day would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land. I have lived to see one prediction fulfilled. I hope to see the other realized."

Major Merwin says that he at once recognized the exceptional significance of the words of the President and asked if he might publish them.

"Publish them as wide as the daylight shows," was the President's answer.

*The Advance.*

## OUR MEXICAN MADNESS.

An immense responsibility is placed upon the President of the United States. We have all confidence in the intentions and purity of President Wilson. But a single imprudent act of his may precipitate us into an awful war, the results of which no man can foresee.

For example, if the President should send a single brigade of soldiers across the line it would probably unite all the factions in Mexico and war with all its horrors would come, for Mexico would declare war at once. And that would mean the loss of thousands of human lives and the squandering of the earnings not only of this but of future generations. If war comes we should probably conquer the Mexican cities, but it is estimated it would take 250,000 soldiers four years to subdue and keep in order the guerilla bands that rove everywhere. Think of the cost in blood and treasure! And then war with Mexico would inflame all the South American states against us!

# A Selected List of Books

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**THE GREATEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD** By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR
A comprehensive little book of great value both to students and those who wish to become familiar with the really important master works of literature. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

**OUR COMMON ROAD** By AGNES EDWARDS
Inspiring essays taking up the simple events and predicaments of everyday life. $1.00 *net.* By mail, $1.06.

**THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS** By JOHN BURROUGHS
A collection of essays written with Mr. Burroughs' characteristic charm. $1.15 *net.* By mail, $1.26.

*ADVENTURE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE*

**THE MAN WITH THE IRON HAND** By JOHN C. PARISH
A book of hero tales full of romance and dramatic incident. Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.36.

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As thrilling as Mr. Tomlinson's previous books that deal with earlier periods of our national history. Illustrated. By mail, $1.50.

**THE QUEST OF THE FISH-DOG SKIN** By J. W. SCHULTZ
The thrilling adventures of two boys in their quest through a wild, unsettled country. Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

*FICTION TO READ AND TO OWN*

**THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER** By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
"Cannot fail to prove a delight of delights to Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm enthusiasts."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Illustrated. $1.30 *net.* By mail, $1.44.

**HAPPY-GO-LUCKY** By IAN HAY
"Readers of fiction who desire to read a bit of joyful romance cannot do better than take up 'Happy-Go-Lucky.'"—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Illustrated. $1.25 *net.* By mail, $1.37.

**HAGAR** By MARY JOHNSTON
"Feminism has never had a more human exposition. It is a book notable for sane methods as well as a delightful plot."—*Literary Digest.* $1.40 *net.* By mail, $1.54.

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It is said by hundreds of Americans living in Mexico that General Huerta is an honest and capable leader. It is not our business to declare that he was illegally elected. That is the business of the Mexicans. We should recognize Huerta, just as the European governments have done; and we should give Mexico all the help and moral support we can. And if the Standard Oil Company goes into Mexico to increase its millions it should take its own chances. We should do all we can for the pacification of Mexico, but take no step that would involve us in a war that would be so disastrous to the Mexicans and ourselves. —*James G. Townsend.*

## PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Keene, Winchendon and Fitchburg women's clubs, and the Associated Charities of Gloucester and Salem are undertaking a year's campaign of alcohol education, to break out every four months, as follows:

Move 1—Post 40 long linen posters on private trees, fences, windows, etc. Get the doctors to give the money ($2), thus establishing the movement as a health movement and a man's movement.

Move 2—Have, during your No-Licence campaign, a School Poster Day; give every small boy a baseball poster to paste on his bat; every small girl a paper doll poster.

Move 3—Hold a meeting—women's clubs, churches, granges, etc. Have a doctor and a social worker speak, and band together to ask for municipal posting in all parks and playgrounds after the manner of Cambridge, Mass. (14 bulletin boards cost $9. money given privately). Organize for a summer campaign of big posters along the trolley lines; get the churches to put out bulletin boards; get the surrounding towns to come in. Begin the posting in May and keep it up till October.

Move 4—Ask the trolleys to carry posters for one week on their dashers.

Go thou and do likewise.

## STOKES BOOK NOTES.

In the January *Woman's Home Companion* appears a page of New Year resolutions contributed by readers. An Illinois contributor tells, as follows, what he thinks most important:

"To become an expert at forgetting just to forget all the unkind acts, the deep wrongs, the mean words, the bitter disappointments,—just let them go, forget them,—the memory will become quick and alert to remember the things worth remembering, the mind given to beautiful things, worth-while things, and to remember always that I am in the presence of God, this is my desire for the New Year."

Christmastide, it is warm and sweet;
A whole world's heart at a baby's feet.
RICHARD BURTON.

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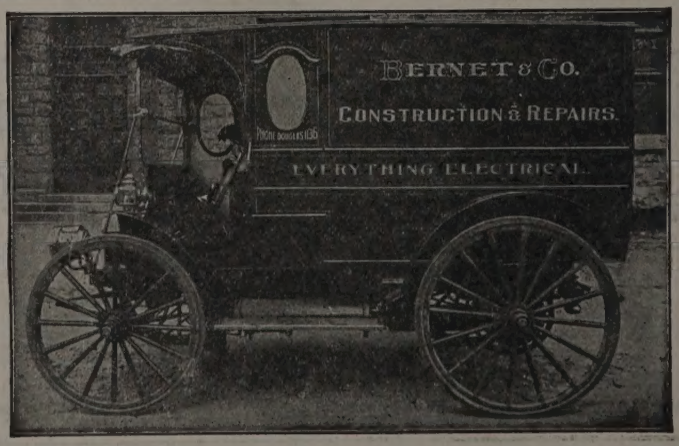


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